

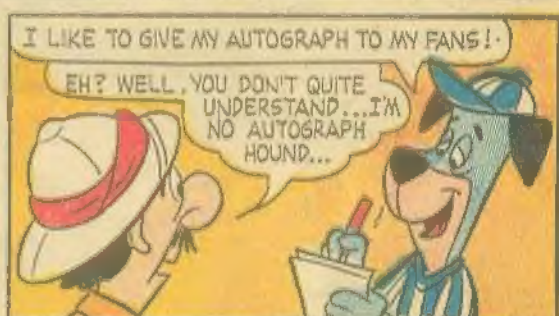
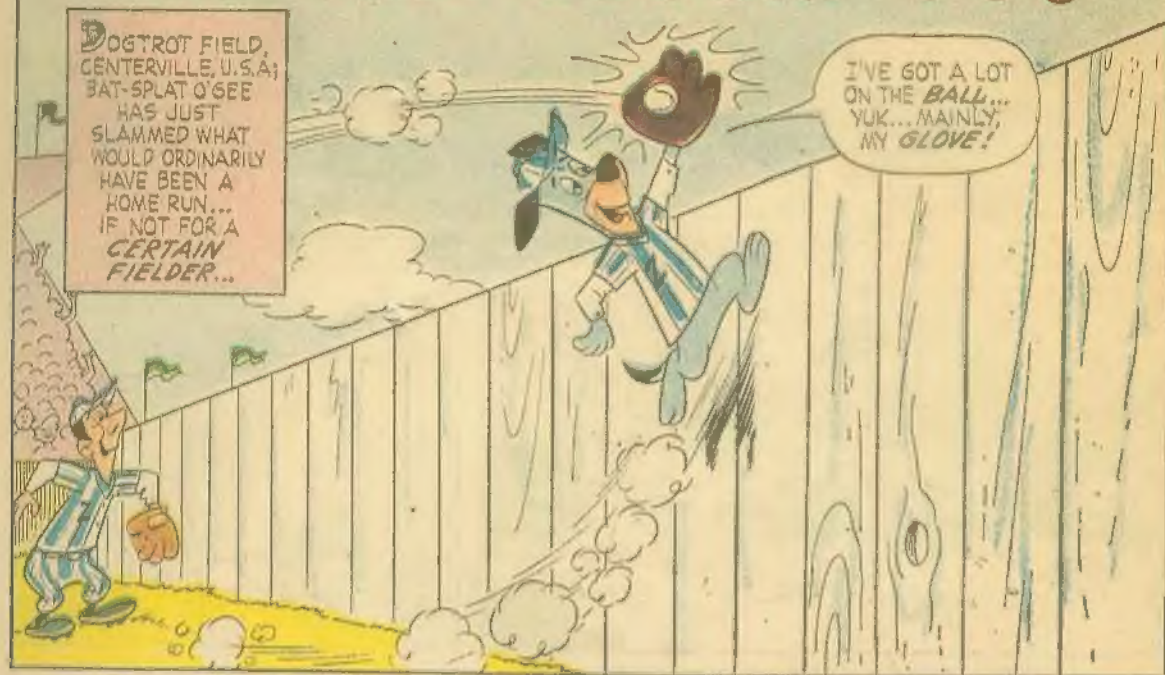


DECEMBER

Huckleberry Hound



Huckleberry Hound THE BIRD DOGGIN' DOG



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

LET ME EXPLAIN! I'M BRING 'EM-BACK JACK, AND I WANT TO BRING A RARE ZIGZAG BIRD FROM THE DINKA JUNGLE!

"I'VE TRIED AND TRIED, BUT THOSE ZOOMY ZIGZAG BIRDS ARE JUST TOO ZIGZAGGY FOR ME!"

BLOK!

AND A QUICK TRIP LATER...

LUCKY US! HERE COMES A ZIGZAG BIRD ALREADY!

YUK! ONLY HACK A FENCE HIGH!

SCRUNCH!

OH, FIREFLIES!!

I DON'T WANT TO BRING BACK A BRANCH!

I'M AWKWARD WITH A BIG OL' LONG-STICKED NET!

I'M GONNA USE MY VERY OWN FLY CATCHER...MY FIELDER'S GLOVE!

WELL...OKAY, I GUESS!

HERE HE COMES AGAIN, HUCK!
NOW I FEEL FIT TO BRING HIM IN!

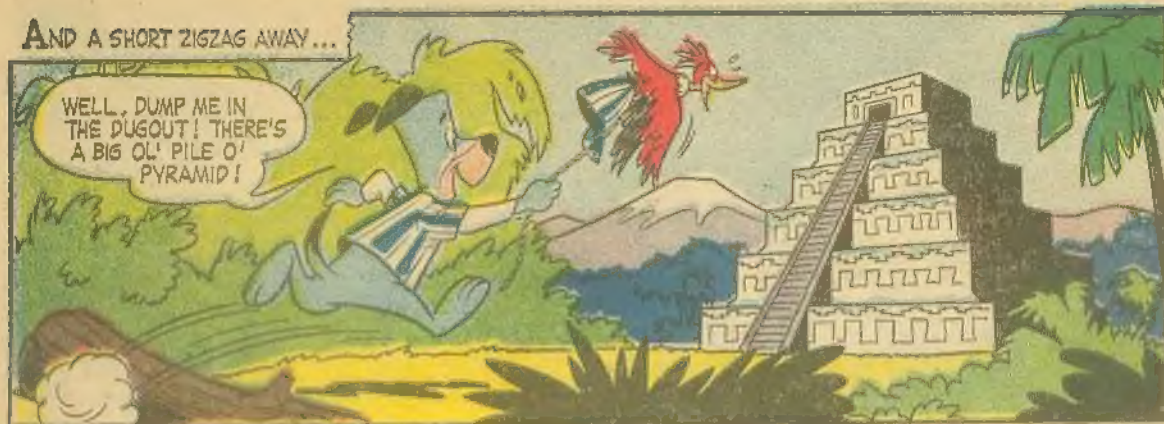
BRAVO! THAT RETIRES THE SIDE AND ENDS THE BIRD GAME!

PLOP!

JUST LIKE SNAGGIN' A HOMER!



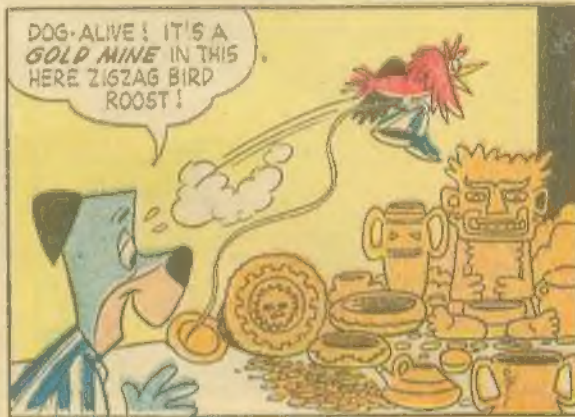
AND A SHORT ZIGZAG AWAY...



WELL, DUMP ME IN
THE DUGOUT! THERE'S
A BIG OL' PILE O'
PYRAMID!



(WHEW!) THE PENTHOUSE-
TYPE ROOM MUST BE HIS
HEADQUARTERS!



DOG-ALIVE! IT'S A
GOLD MINE IN THIS
HERE ZIGZAG BIRD
ROOST!



WAIT'LL I TELL BRING-EM-BACK JACK!
BET'CHA HE'LL WANT TO BRING GOBS O'
THAT **GOLD** BACK!



HI, JACK! I FOUND A DINKA PYRAMID FULLA
GOLD!

GOLD!?!



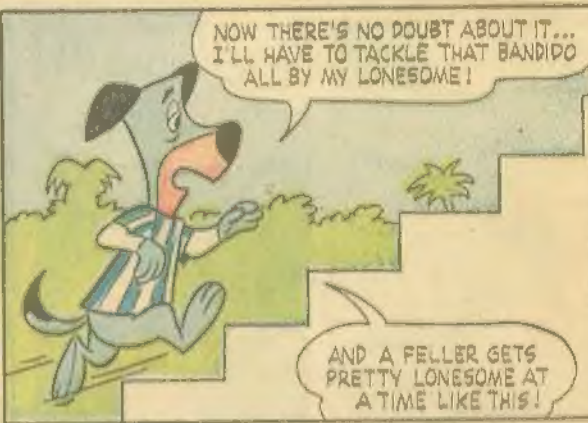
SAY, JACK, YOU DON'T SOUND
MUCH LIKE JACK...

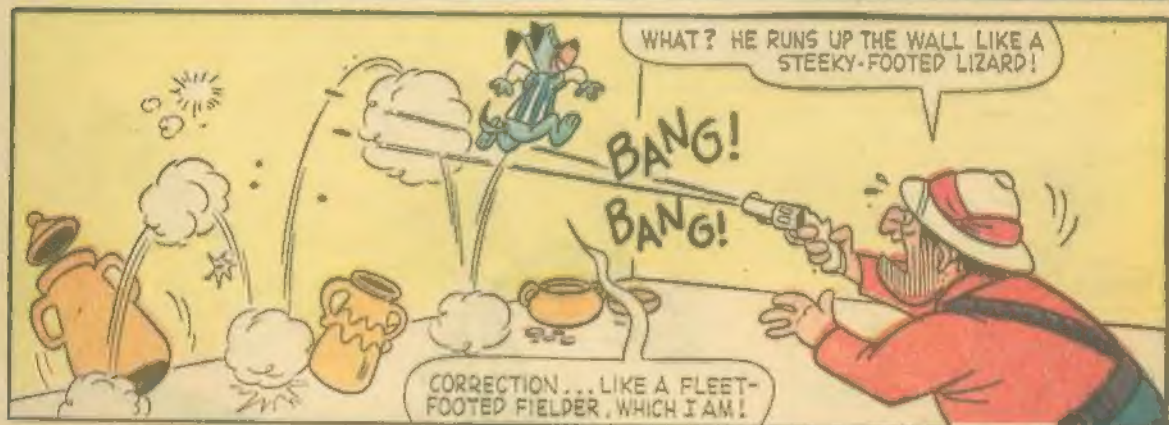


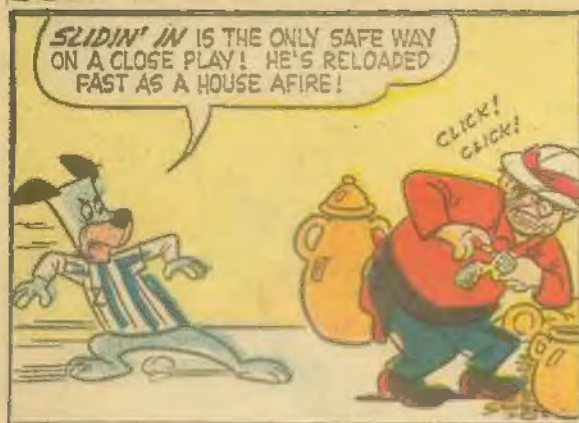
I AM **NOT** JACK! PAYROLL PEDRO
EES MY NAME! I AM THE MOST
FAMOUS ROBBER
SOUTH OF ALL
THE BORDERS!

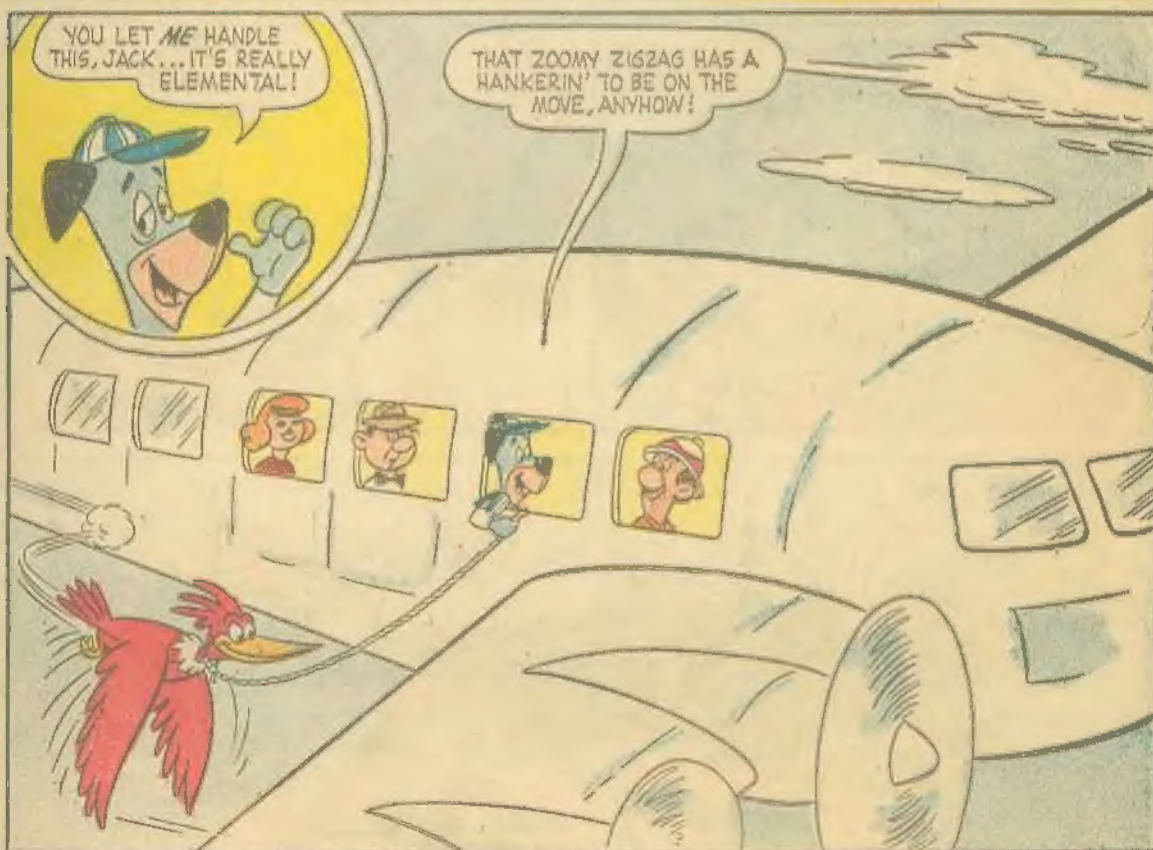
OH, PLEASED
TO MEET'CHA
PEDRO!

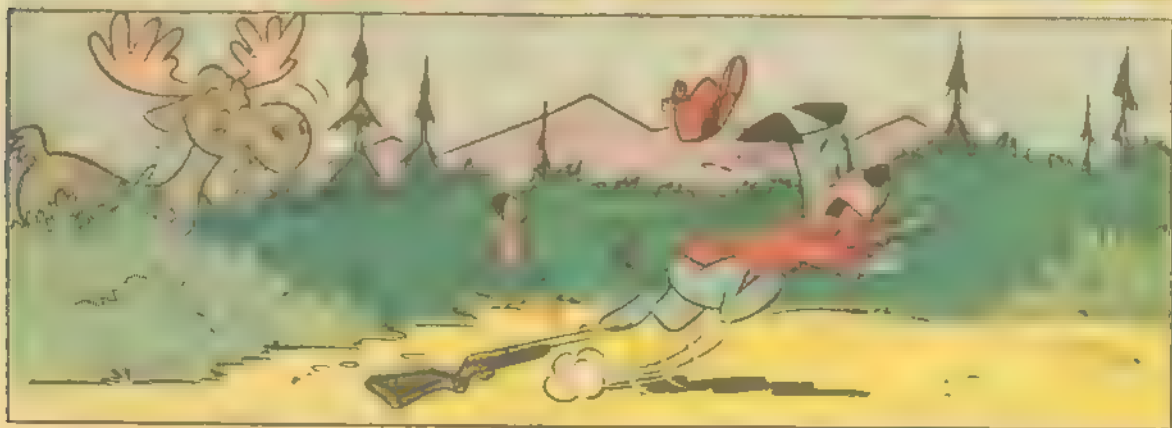
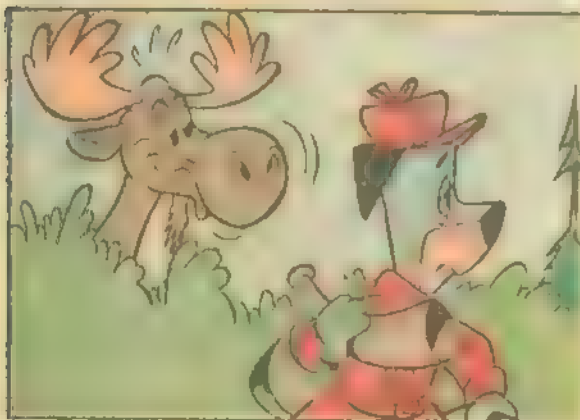




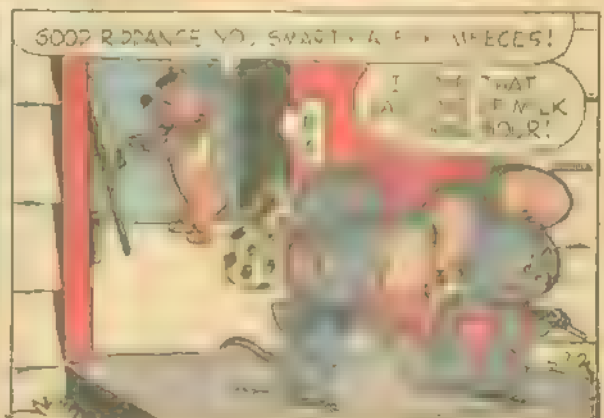


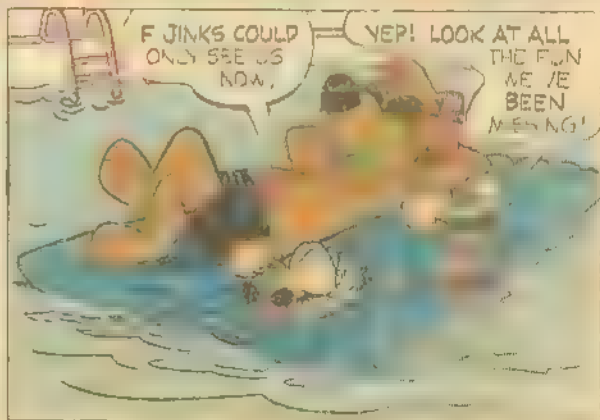
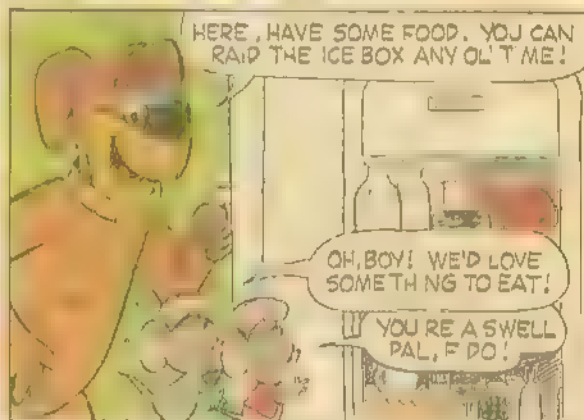
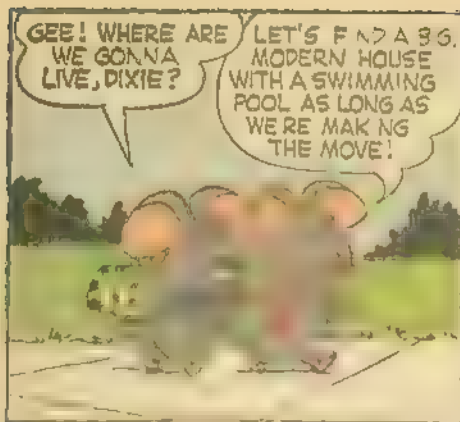




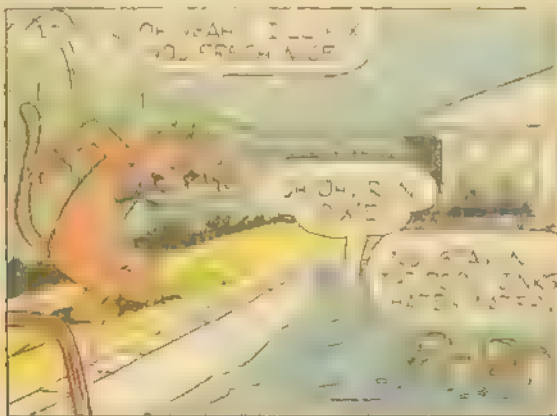
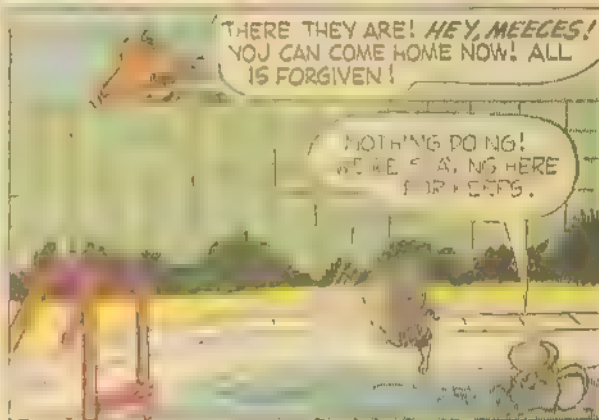
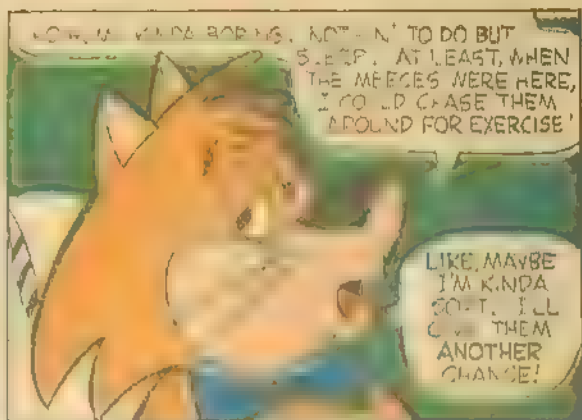


PIXIE, DIXIE & MR. JINKS RUNAWAY MEECES





BACK AT JINKS'...

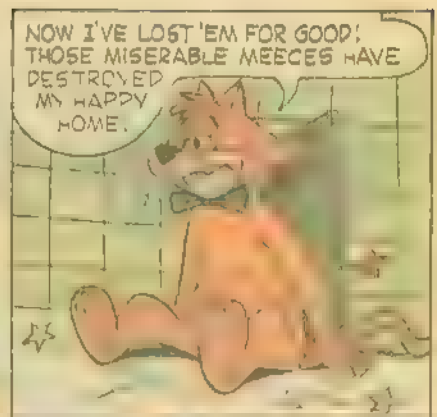




OH, YEAH? WELL,
NOBODY IS GOING TO
GIVE **MY** FRIENDS
ANY TROUBLE!

KAPOW!

YEOW!



NOW I'VE LOST 'EM FOR GOOD!
THOSE MISERABLE MEECES HAVE
DESTROYED
MY HAPPY
HOME.

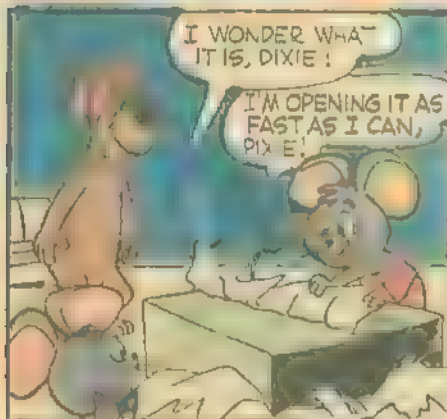


AND I GOT AN IDEA!
I KNOW HOW TO WIN
THEM BACK. HEH HEH!
OH, JINKS! YOU'RE
A SMARTY
PARTY!



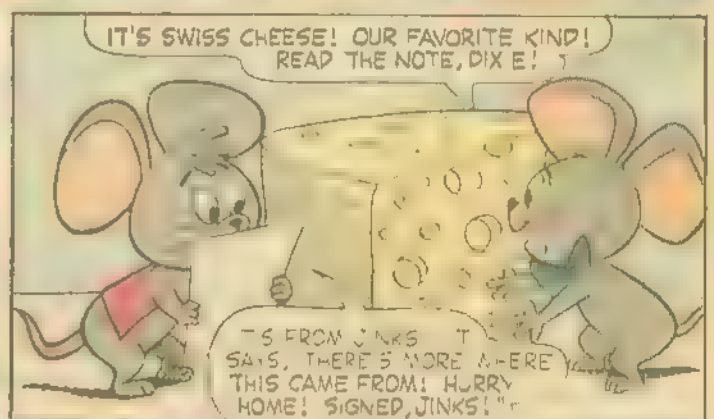
LATER...
SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR
PIXIE AND DIXIE!

I'LL TAKE IT.
THEY'RE MY
NEW FRIENDS!



I WONDER WHAT
IT IS, DIXIE!

I'M OPENING IT AS
FAST AS I CAN,
PIXIE!



IT'S SWISS CHEESE! OUR FAVORITE KIND!
READ THE NOTE, DIXIE!

IT'S FROM JINKS. THE NOTE
SAYS, THERE'S MORE WHERE
THIS CAME FROM! HURRY
HOME! SIGNED, JINKS!



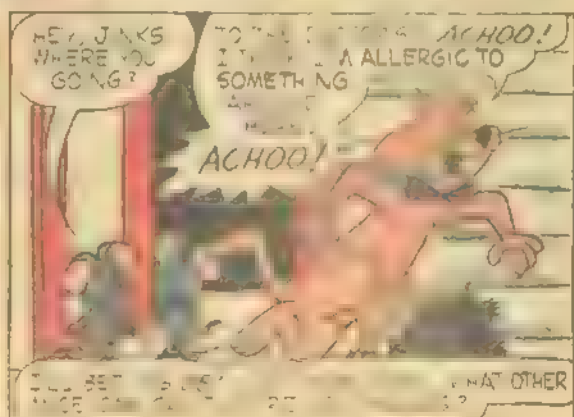
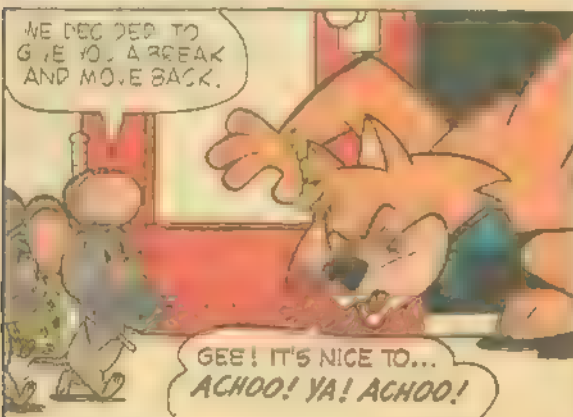
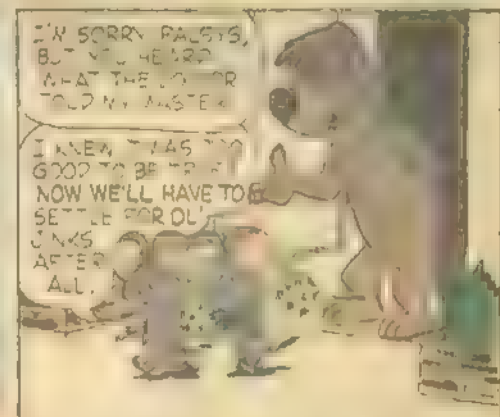
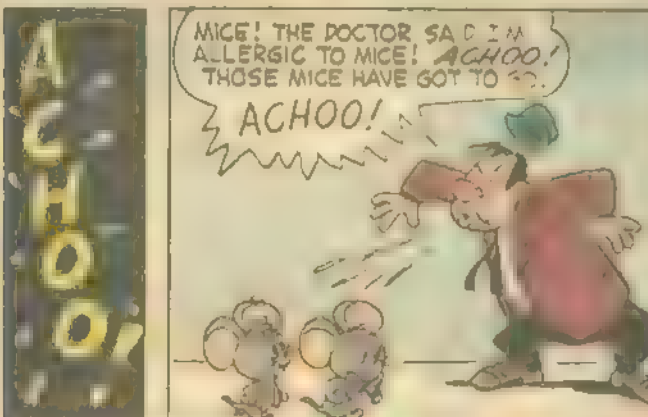
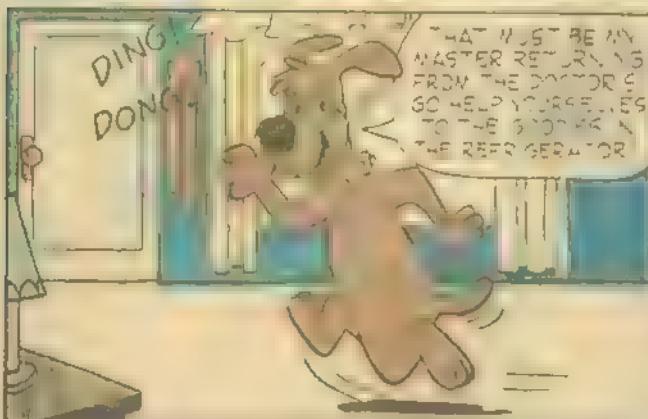
SO JINKS THINKS WE'LL FALL
FOR THAT OLD GAG!
(MUNCH!)

HE'S DUMBER
THAN HE
LOOKS.
(MUNCH.)

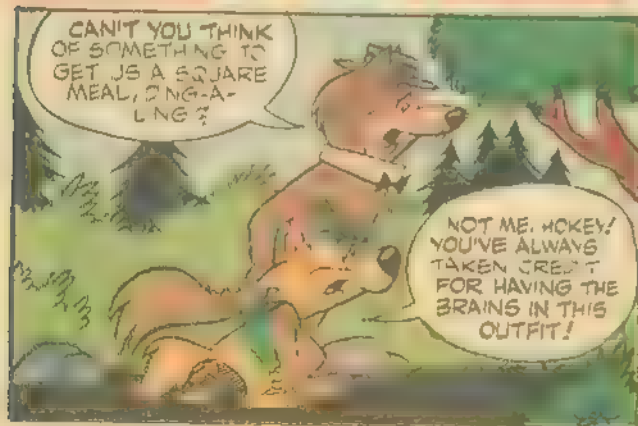
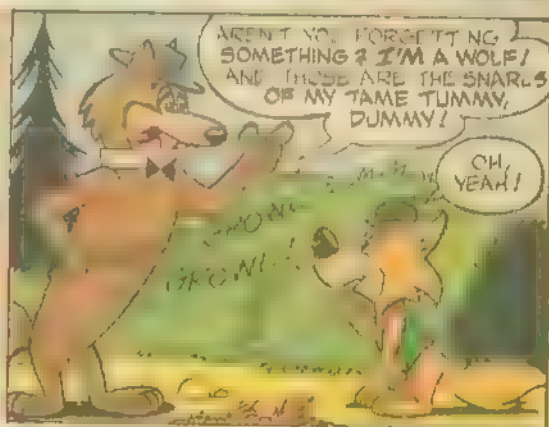


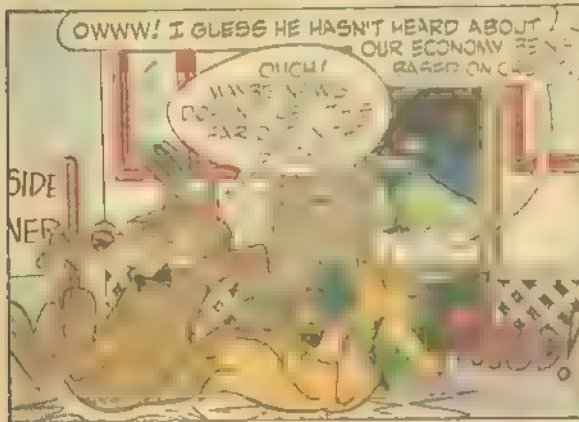
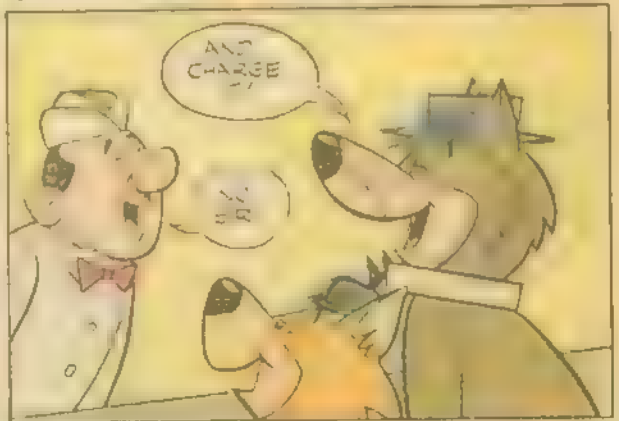
HAMN. THEY'RE NOT BACK YET. MAYBE
THEY'RE NOT TAKING
A SHORT CUT

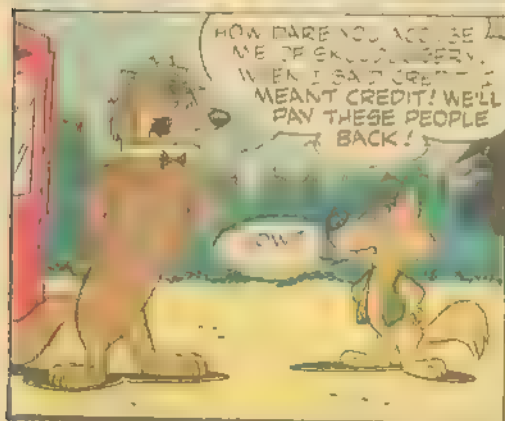
I'LL GIVE 'EM
FIVE MORE
MINUTES, THEN
I'LL CLOSE THE
DOOR FOR

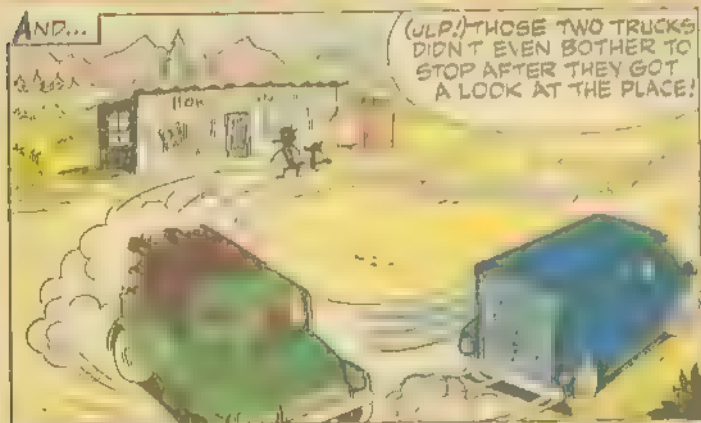
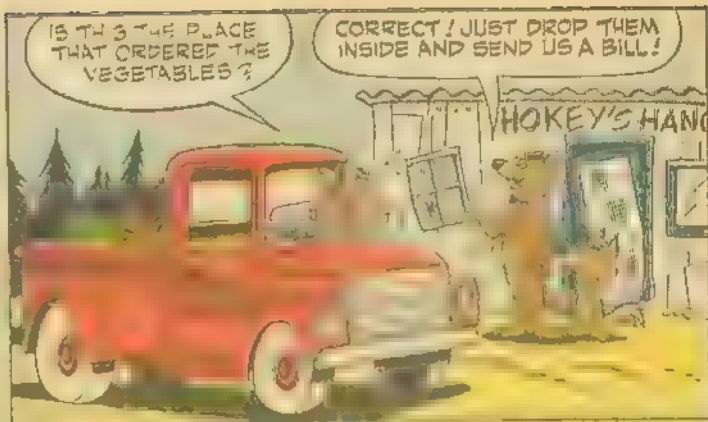


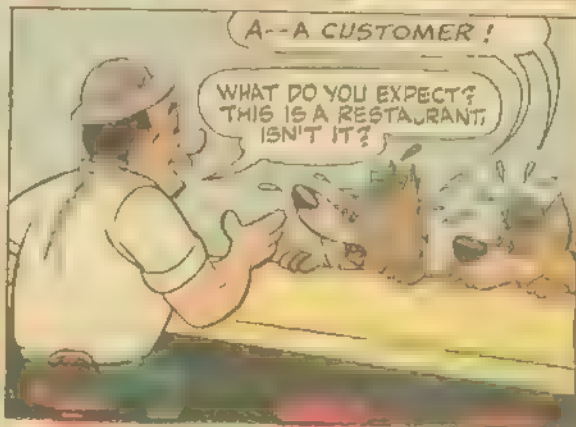
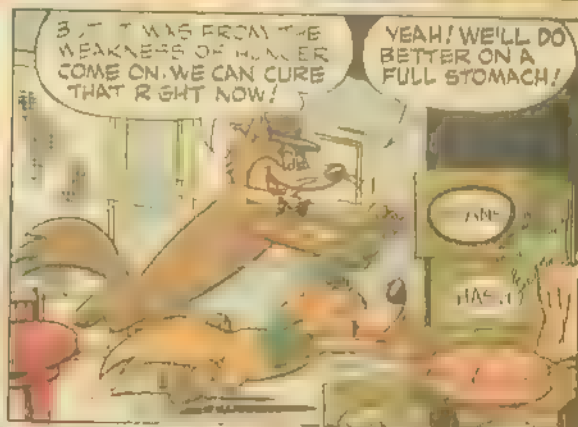
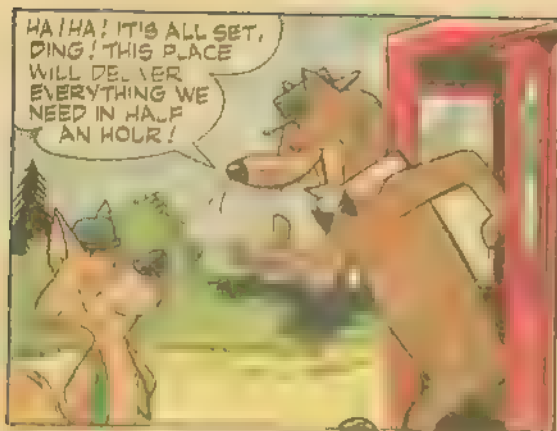
HOKEY and DING-A-LING GETTING THE BUSINESS

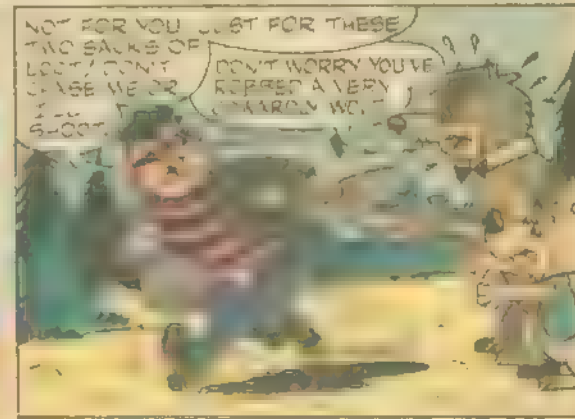
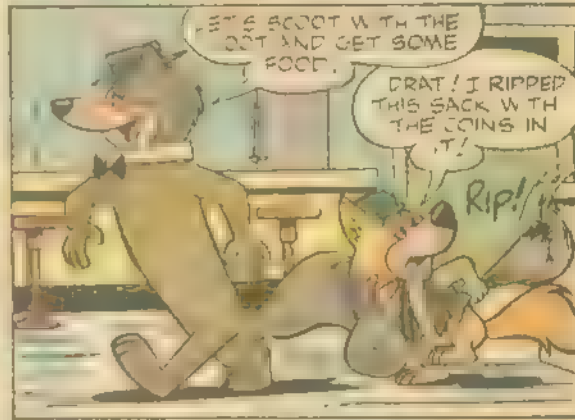
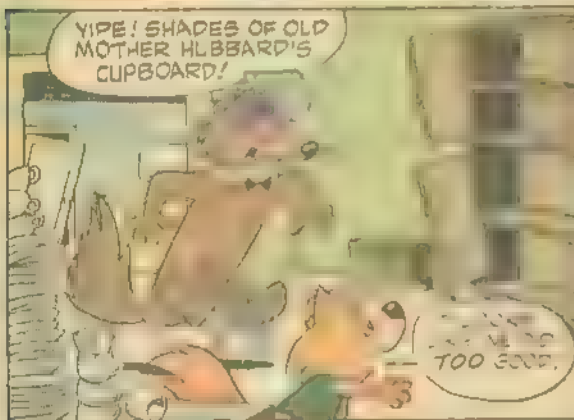
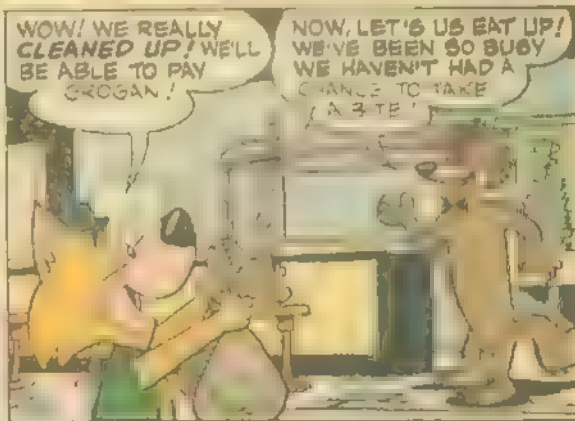


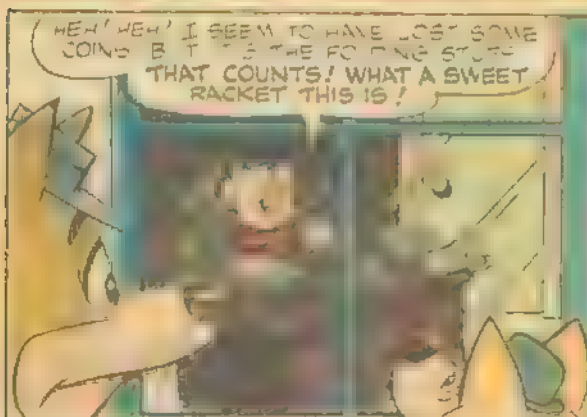
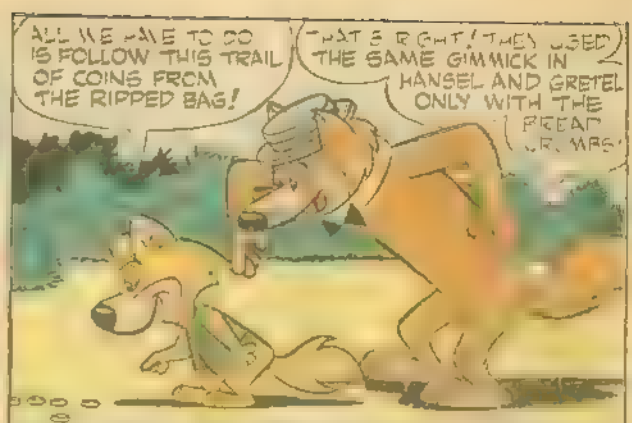


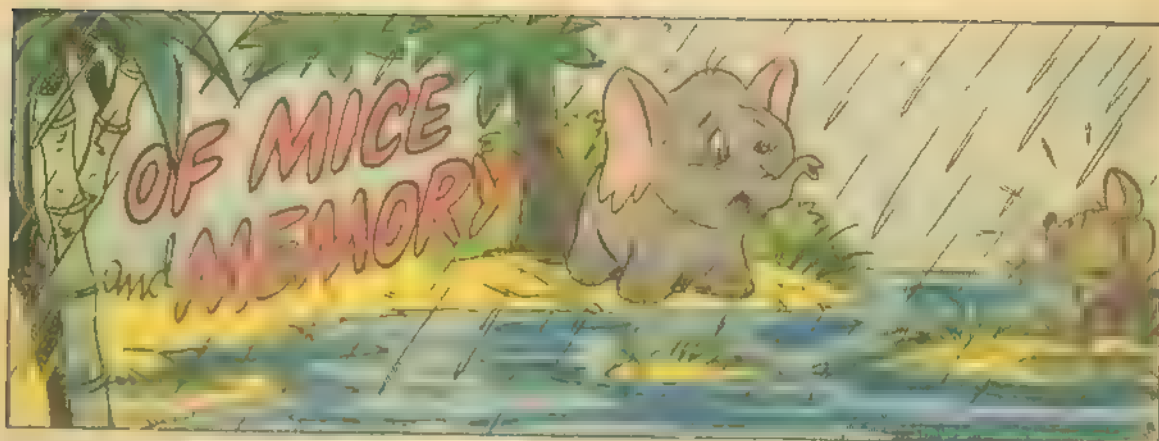












Packy, the forgetful baby elephant, was eating tender bamboo shoots one rainy afternoon. "Hi-ho, I'm sure glad I have nothing I'm supposed to remember today," he sighed contentedly. "Every time I have to remember something I get into trouble."

Just then, the little pachyderm heard a tiny voice calling for help.

The rain had created small islands of the hummocks on the veld, and on one of these a little mother mouse was jumping up and down, appealing frantically to Packy.

"I must move my family away from here before the water gets any higher, or we'll all drown!" the mouse called anxiously. "Come and help me," she pleaded. "What are you just standing there for?"

"You've reminded me of something I'm supposed to remember," Packy replied thoughtfully. "Oh, well, it'll come to me. I'll wade over there now and rescue you."

Packy plunged into the water, but a moment later, scrambled back to shore. "It's too deep for me to wade, and I haven't learned to swim yet," he sputtered. "But don't worry. I'll get my mom to help you."

Packy sloshed away across the veld, but when he reached the place where he had last seen his mother, he discovered she had moved to another place to hunt for food.

"Zany zebras!" Packy muttered worriedly. "What am I supposed to do now? The water must be getting higher and higher around that little island the mice are on. They'll be swamped in another five minutes if I don't get them off of there."

As Packy stood lost in thought, his eyes fell on a long branch which was lying on the ground under some bushes.

"Ta-rant-ar-ah!" he trumpeted eagerly. "If

I can drag that branch over to the island and toss it over the water, it'll make a dandy bridge. Mrs. Mouse and her family will be able to walk right off the island with no trouble at all."

The baby pachyderm wrapped his stout little trunk around the branch and tugged to pull his makeshift bridge out of the bushes.

"Golly," he thought as he struggled, "I sure wish I could remember what I forgot when that mouse first called to me."

Grunting and slipping in the rain-washed grass, Packy finally succeeded in securing the branch. Squealing with success, he wheeled and plodded rapidly back to the island where the mice were waiting for him.

With a mighty toss, he threw the branch across the water so that it formed a natural bridge. A moment later, the family of mice gratefully crossed in safety.

"Thanks a lot," Mrs. Mouse squeaked with relief. "You were gone for so long that I was afraid you had forgotten all about us."

"You were lucky I didn't," Packy panted. "Being forgetful is one of my biggest faults. It's always getting me into trouble that otherwise would not have happened."

"Gosh, having a poor memory must be quite a handicap," the mouse sympathized.

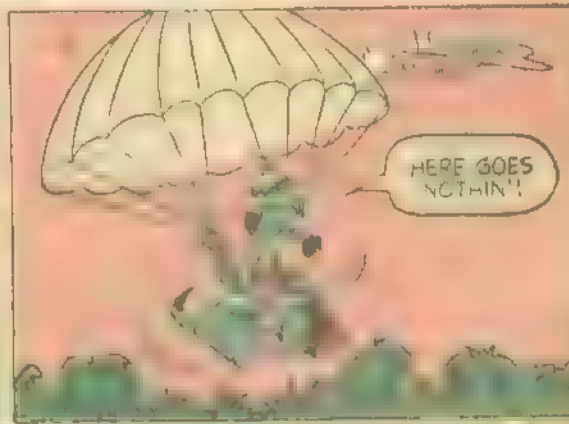
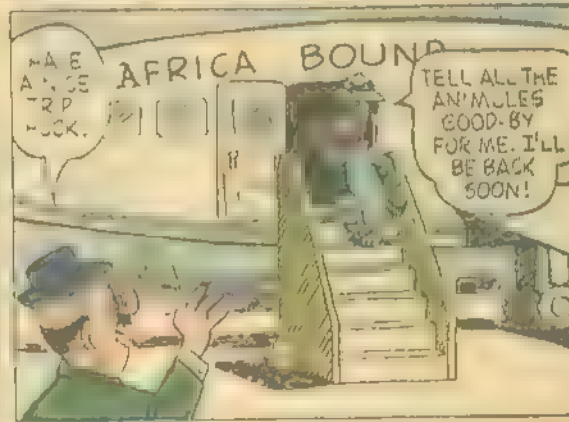
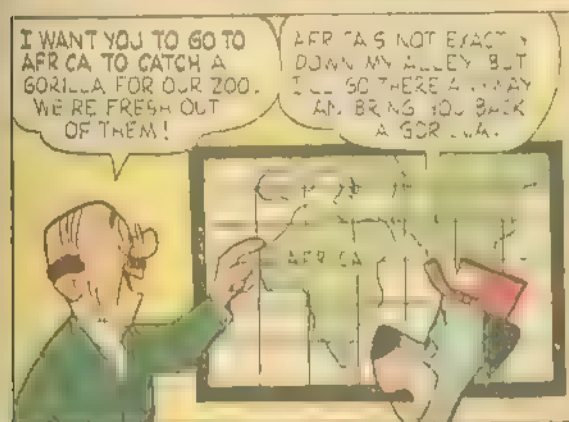
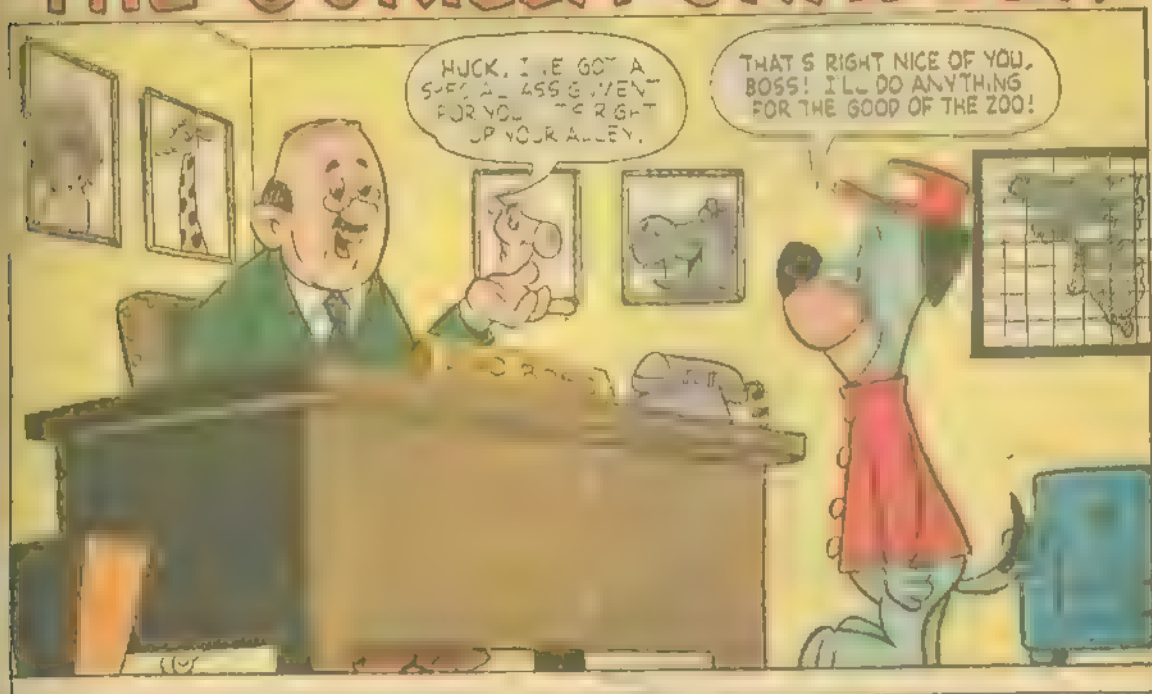
Just then Packy trumpeted with surprise and squealed with laughter. "Galloping gazelles!" he giggled. "This is one time when forgetting has really been quite helpful."

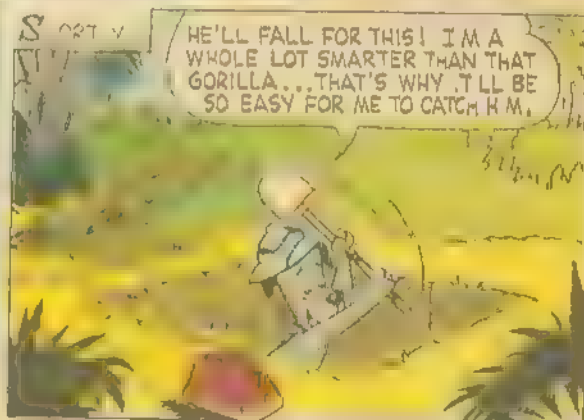
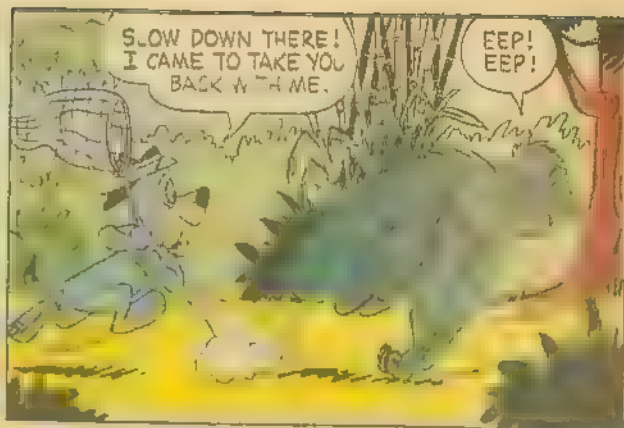
"What do you mean?" the mouse squeaked.

"I just remembered what it was I'd forgotten in the first place," Packy tittered. "Elephants are supposed to be afraid of mice," he explained. "If I'd remembered that earlier I might have been too scared to help you at all today!"

Huckleberry Hound

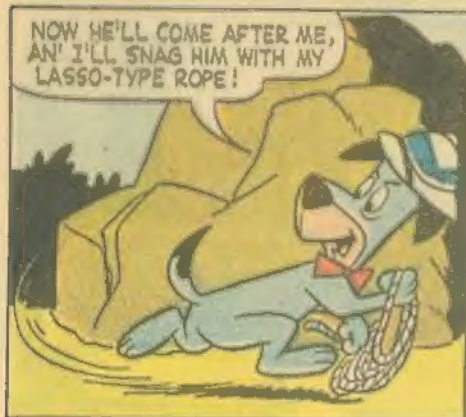
THE GORILLA GRABBER







SOON...





Huckleberry Hound

COWARDLY K-9

HUCK, I WANT YOU TO VOLUNTEER TO BE THE FIRST MAN TO THE MOON!

I-I'D LIKE TO, SIR, EXCEPT I'M NOT A MAN!

THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT! WILL YOU DO IT?

ER... I CAN'T! I DON'T HAVE A DRIVER'S LICENSE! HEH, HEH!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO GO! ARE YOU AFRAID?

ISN'T EVERY COWARD?

LET'S FACE IT... FOR A DOG, I SURE AM CHICKEN!

ALL RIGHT! JUST FOR THAT, I'M GIVING YOU THREE WEEKS K.P. DUTY!

THAT'S FINE WITH ME! I'M NOT AFRAID OF DOING DISHES!

SC...

DRAT! I'VE BEEN TRICKED!

LOOKS AS IF THE ONLY DISHES I'LL BE SEEN' ARE FLYIN' SALICERS!

ROCKET SHIP
K.P.